

KAANAHPAAV

A STARS MOONS SUNS BOOK



ROBERT MACOMBER

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This book is dedicated to THE GREAT MYSTERY

Sings-With-Rattles

From their starting point on Tah-Avwas, the tribe led by Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eye's eldest daughter, Silver Diamond, walked for seven days in a southerly direction, only resting once a day to offer prayers to The Ancestors, The Four Directions, Father Sky, Mother Earth, Gitchee Manitou, and, to cook food. They thanked Gitchee Manitou for the water in their pouches before their trek, and, every sunrise on this journey. They drank water while they walked.

As they walked south, the landscape gradually changed from a mixture of trees with fields at Tah-Avwas to more sagebrush, juniper, and so-called scrub oaks of rolling Foothills. Larger trees lined the creeks of these Foothills transitioning into Upper plains that now surrounded Brother. A few pine trees sparsely grew occasionally on the very tops of the Foothills they traversed. Mostly, they walked gradually through the scrub oaks, juniper, and sagebrush, yet steadily, to avoid cactus, and quiet, for many reasons.

On the fourth day walking on their journey, they crossed over the edge of the traditional hunting area of the Tah-Avwas Mountain Tribe they had recently absconded. As they continued journeying south, they straddled the middle of the transition area between the mountains to the west, and the plains to the east. As Brother walked by a Prickly Pear, he noticed a yellow flower that reminded him of yellow flowers that grew on the lilies at the lake within a crater of Tah-Avwas near the fire where

Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes had shared more than physical fire.



Their group had followed a great river that initially flowed south and eventually bent increasingly eastward. Nearing the evening of the seventh day of walking, underneath a canopy of large cottonwoods whose roots had tapped the river's water level, Silver Diamond announced this was their new home.

That was over half a year ago, and ever since Brother moved south with the family of Silver Diamond, he had spent a lot of time alone, singing songs Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes had taught him. A relatively mild

winter had passed, and on the first day of Spring, Brother sat alone next to the river shaded with large Cottonwood, Willow, and Hackberry trees.

As he listened to the river, he remembered the moments before he and Sister last embraced, when they both realized, simultaneously, that if Gamma could put a Spark from her spirit within theirs, then, they could put a Spark from each, into the other. He recalled how their movements were paired with perfect symmetry and timing as both of their right hands lightly touched the other's heart space. In the silence, the intention was clear. Since then, Brother had ever more powerfully felt the love of Sister from the Spark in his heart. He knew Sister felt the same powerful love of the Spark from his spirit he put into her heart.

Brother, content with feeling the love in his heart, began singing a song to The Great Mystery, when a six-foot rattlesnake swimming out of the river, looked at him, then slithered a few feet downstream on the bank. As a show of respect, the snake faced away from Brother, allowing his tail to be visible in between thick grassy plants growing near the river.

At first, Brother was frightened and quietly began to leave. When the snake quickly telepathically communicated to Brother he came to listen to him sing, Brother slowly, gently, sat back down where he was sitting. He bravely continued singing to The Great Mystery the song Gamma taught him.

As he did, Brother and snake energies/consciousness increasingly blended, bringing their spirits together to a very high place they could not go that moment singularly. Their shared psychic currents wove together a special Tapestry—a silent communion, between man and serpent, a shared Realizing.



Brother's fear dissolved, replaced by wonder's embrace, as the snake's tail swayed, a metronome of grace. In the golden light of dawn, by the murmuring stream, Brother sat, his voice, a fragile thread, wove through the Cottonwood leaves.

Together they harmonized—the river, the singer, the snake, A trinity of existence, a moment that would not break.

Beneath the ancient Oak tree's shade, Brother sat, heart open, his spirit unafraid. Gamma's voice echoed in the rustling leaves a sacred hymn to

the unseen,

The One Who Weaves.

“Oh, Great Mystery, hear our plea, in the dance of sun and shadow, set us free. Whispering leaves, tell our tale, as we sing to the river, the wind, and the frail.”

Gamma’s wisdom flowed like the river’s gentle stream, notes carried by the breeze, a perfect team. Brother’s voice, a fragile reed, touched the sky, as if the whole world leaned in, asking why.

“Oh, Great Mystery, hear our plea, in the dance of sun and shadow, set us free. Whispering leaves, tell our tale, as we sing to the river, the wind, and the frail.”

The river listened, its current a silent witness, and Brother sang, eyes closed, lost in bliss. The Hackberry trees leaned closer, their branches sway, as if they, too, joined the chorus of the day.

Silver Diamond

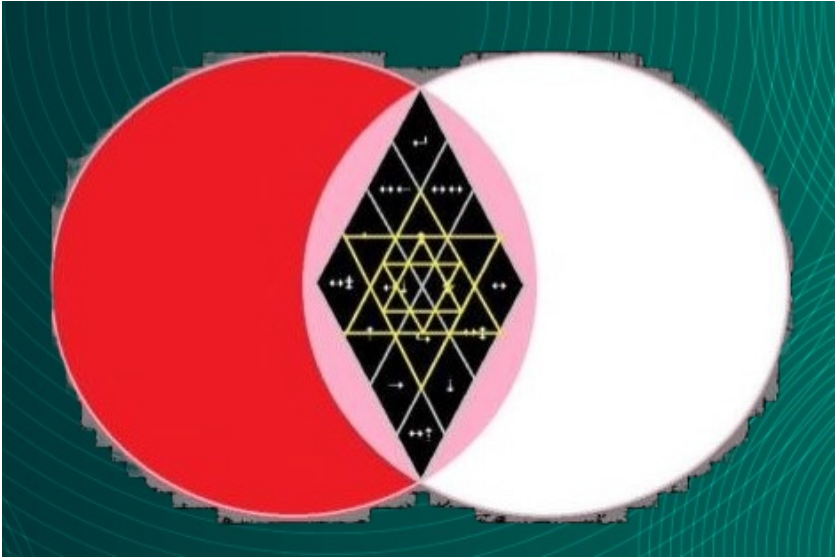


Since their tribe moved from TAH AVWAS, Gaama-Fire-In-The-Eyes first daughter, Silver Diamond, has continued her role as the elder matriarch of their tribe with dignity, perseverance, and trust in Great Spirit. The evening after sharing spiritual space with a rattlesnake, Brother approaches Silver Diamond to tell her about this rattlesnake that swam out of the stream and slithered into the shore, listening to him sing to The Great Mystery. Silver Diamond is wearing a White Buffalo blouse and skirt with dark blue diamond sacred geometry patterns. She is sitting next to a fire, surrounded by family, at a time that is neither day nor night, but somehow, both or neither, with a few stars, the moon's beams, and the last of the sun's rays blending into One.

Silver Diamond patiently heard what Brother had to say. After a slight nod, she reaches for a shell filled with Juniper and Sage. She stretches a little bit, and grabs, a stick partially sticking out of the fir. Holding the shell with her left hand, and the flaming stick in her right, she breaks off a small coal in the shell underneath the Juniper and Sage. Tossing the stick back into the fire, she began to blow on the coal, igniting the Juniper and Sage. The cleansing scent filled the air and lifted the spirits present. The smell and campfire reminded Brother of when Gamma Fire-in-The-Eyes had explained to him around the campfire with Sister that even the Smallest Spark can become the Biggest Fire. As the fire in the shell burned, Silver Diamond offered smoke and prayers to Gamma-Fire-In-The Eyes, The Ancestors, and The Four Directions. She then offered smoke and prayed to Father Sky, and then, Mother Earth. Finally, she offered smoke and prayers to Gitchee Manitou, The Great Mystery. Brother respectfully maintained silence as she prayed and meditated. In a decisive moment, Silver Diamond breathes a slow large breath in. When Silver Diamond let go of the following well-thought words from her, then, Brother breathed her living seed-words into his spirit-mind-body:

“In the Beginning Two Spheres united to form The Largest Egg. Within

The Largest Egg, The Sacred Diamond Formed. Within The Sacred Diamond, The Sacred Six Pointed Star came forth, Within the Heart of The Sacred Six Pointed Star, Another Six Pointed Star emerged.



All creation is within the Universal Egg, KAAHAHPAAV, and is guarded by a rattlesnake—an embryonic vessel of existence. Within its fragile shell lies the potential for all life, waiting to hatch. This Supra-Cosmic Egg transcends time and space, bridging the mundane and the numinous. It holds the whispers of ancestors, the rustle of winds, and the pulse of stars. The snake's gaze pierces illusions, revealing hidden truths. It guards the egg not with aggression, but with vigilance—a silent pact with the Great Mystery. The rattle's vibrations ripple through dimensions, stirring stardust and memory. The snake's coils are a cosmic loom, weaving destiny. When the egg cracks, existence trembles. Life emerges—a fawn, a flower, a human heart. Death and

rebirth intertwine—the serpent’s bite is simultaneously venomous and healing. The snake represents transformation, shedding old patterns, and renewal. Its rattle warns of danger but also serves as a reminder of balance. It guards the threshold between worlds, guiding souls as they slip from one form to another. And so, to sing to the Great Mystery is to harmonize with the rattlesnake’s song. To honor creation is to be one with the guardian at its core. Remember, these words are but whispers carried by the wind. Seek your visions, and let the rattlesnake become your spirit guide through the sacred spiral of existence. Your new name in our tribe is now Sings-With-Rattles.”



Silver Diamond's words quickly strengthened Sings-with-Rattle's mind, body, and spirit; he felt a deep connection with the rattlesnake by the river. He now inner-stood the significance of his encounter by the river-how it was not mere chance, but a profound moment of synchronicity orchestrated by the Great Mystery.

With a heart full of joy and gratitude, Sings-with-Rattles sought out the rattlesnake again, guided by a knowing that transcended words. As he approached the spot where they had first met, he saw the snake coiled peacefully, it's dark yet shining eyes meeting his with a quiet understanding. Without hesitation, Sings-with-Rattles gently sat

beside the rattlesnake, his voice lifting in song once again.

“Oh, Great Mystery, hear our plea, in the dance of sun and shadow, set us free. Whispering leaves, tell our tale, as we sing to the river, the wind, and the frail.”

“Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes, guide our song, from the depths of earth to where the eagles belong. My heart is a vessel, overflowing with Great Spirits’ grace, as the rattlesnake listens, its presence a sacred space.”

“Oh, Great Mystery, hear our plea, in the dance of sun and shadow, set us free. Whispering leaves, tell our tale, as we sing to the river, the wind, and the frail.”

The river’s melody danced, a liquid silver waltz, and Sings-with-Rattles sang, his soul un-tethered, his spirit without faults. Gamma’s teachings echoed, a sacred refrain, as if the very earth leaned in, eager to sustain.

The sun dipped low on the horizon, casting a warm glow over the riverbank. Sings-with-Rattles bids his new friend good day.

Every grand rising, Sings-with-Rattles would return to the spot where they had shared their silent communion, singing songs of gratitude and reverence to The Great Mystery. The days turned into weeks, and Sings-with-Rattles’ bond with the snake deepened. He began to notice subtle shifts in the natural world around him – the way the leaves seemed to whisper secrets, the way the river’s current flowed in harmony with his melodies, and the way the animals of the forest seemed to regard him with knowing eyes.

One evening, as Sings-with-Rattles sat by the riverbank, he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. Turning slowly, he saw the

rattlesnake approaching him, its scales shimmering in the fading light. Without fear, he held out his hand, and to his amazement, the snake slithered closer and wound itself around his arm.

Kohati

The people Sings-with-Rattles emerged from pronounced the word for snake as 'kogh,' so the first morning after befriending a rattlesnake, Sing-with-Rattles named him 'Kohati,' meaning snake-with-me. When Sings-with-Rattles first walked into the young tribe's camp, others looked at the man and his familiar snake with shock, awe, and trepidation. Silently, even the bravest warriors paid respect with their eyes.

As Sings-with-Rattles traversed the familiar paths of his camp, the elders gathered, their murmurs carrying the weight of recognition, acknowledging the profound significance of this event.

In the heart of the camp, before a hushed assembly of his people, Sings-with-Rattles spoke the word 'Kohati' with a voice that resonated deep within the souls of those present. The snake, in response, slithered up his arm to coil comfortably around his neck. The elders exchanged astonished glances - here was a young man blessed with a rare gift, a connection to ancient wisdom nearly lost to time.

Without delay, the tribal leaders summoned Sings-with-Rattles and bestowed upon him the revered role of the shaman's apprentice. They honored his innate understanding of the natural world, his ability to commune with spirits, and the profound reservoir of knowledge that dwelled within him.



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Under the guidance of the esteemed shaman, Grey Cloud, whose wisdom seemed as vast as the endless skies above, Sings-with-Rattles embarked on a journey that transcended the boundaries of ordinary existence.

In the dim glow of the sacred fire, Grey Cloud initiated Sings-with-Rattles into the mysteries of the spirit world. They danced beneath the moon and stars until sunrise, their movements following ancient rhythms that echoed through the night. Through rigorous fasting and solitary vigils atop sacred hills, Sings-with-Rattles sought communion with the spirits of the land and sky.

In one ceremony, Grey Cloud led Sings-with-Rattles to a hidden cave, with Kohati coiled around his arm and neck, where they invoked the spirits of their ancestors. Amidst flickering torchlight and the haunting chants of the shaman, Sings-with-Rattles felt the veil between worlds thinning, allowing glimpses of timeless truths that shimmered like distant stars. With each ritual and ordeal, Sings-with-Rattles's spiritual-electrical bond with Kohati deepened, becoming a conduit for the raw energies of nature itself.



As seasons turned with the stars, and moons waxed and waned, Sings-with-Rattles grew in stature among his people. His presence commanded respect, not through force, but through the quiet strength of one who had glimpsed the mysteries of existence and returned with newfound wisdom. Eventually, Grey Cloud trusted Sings-with-Rattles enough to decide he would share with him the tribe's secret medicine blend.

When Sings-with-Rattles met Grey Cloud soon after sunrise, as he had for many years, then Grey Cloud told him he had a surprise for

him. Grey Cloud had been constantly testing Sings-with-Rattles all these years, and finally, was satisfied he would be well unifying with the Secret Medicine. Sings-with-Rattles was sitting inside the large Tee-Pee of Grey Cloud, in front of a small fire. From it, smoke rose up into the opening at the nexus, where lodge poles intersected. Grey Clouds, sitting to his right, lit the Juniper and Sage mixed with Sweetgrass and Rose petals. He offered smoke and prayers to the spirits of his elder Shaman, Swift Hawk, and, Gamma-Fire-in-The-Eyes. Then he offered prayers and smoke to Ancestors, The Four Directions, Father Sky, and Mother Earth. Lastly, he offered prayers of thanks and smoke to Gitchee Manitou, THE GREAT MYSTERY. When Grey Cloud finished, then he and Sings-with-Rattles took their clay cups etched with geometry and drank the Tribe's Secret Medicine, known to very few.

Sings-with-Rattles suggested they walk up a foothill, where had found a patch of grass and sage growing between scrub oaks. Sings-with-Rattles was the only one Grey Cloud would have been motivated to walk with that day. As they walked there, Sings-with-Rattles began to feel the powerful medicine affect his soul-mind-body.

As they sat on the grassy, quiet spot, Grey Cloud brought out his pipe and herbs to smoke. Only a few birds chirped in the distance. Every time Sings-with-Rattles pulled smoke into his lungs and exhaled, he felt his and the Elder Shamans' energies and consciousness powerfully blend. He knew he did not require explaining his experience, and maintained silence for many minutes, sitting alone with Grey Cloud. Grey Cloud pulled one last breath of smoke, blew out a gray cloud, and gently tapped ashes out of the pipe with his right hand. With a wry smile, he turned to look at Sings-with-Rattles, and said, "Hey, check this out," while lifting his left hand to the sky.

Within a split second, every inch of the sky within half a mile was filled with Blue Jays. Thousands and thousands of Blue Jays had converged in the sky above Grey Smoke and Sings-with-Rattles. The sky was more

than filled with Blue Jays. For a few surreal moments, the sky was Blue Jays. Sings-with-Rattles almost could not believe his own eyes seeing such a wonder. Never in his life did he imagine this experience, and Sings-with-Rattles was filled with profound awe. Even Kohati flicked his tongue. The sharp laughter of Grey Cloud rattled him out of his temporary paralysis, and he too, began laughing.

As they were smiling, and laughing, Grey Cloud said, “No one will ever believe us, even if they dare to imagine what we describe!”

“Yes!” Sings-with-Rattles, laughing, agreeably replied.

After what seemed like an eternity lost in innumerable Blue Jays, eventually, they went home. On the walk back, one blue, gray, and white feather fell from the sky, in front of Sings-with-Rattles.



“WE ARE most blessed,” Grey Cloud affirmed.

In the silence, Sings-with-Rattles immediately recognized that ‘WE ARE’ potentially exponentially multiplies the consciousness growth of ‘I AM.’ Recollecting Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes placing Sparks of Spiritual Fire in all present with an I AM decree, he imagined a group could similarly verbalize WE ARE decrees, consciously placing Ascension Sparks in each other, amplifying the spirit growth multi-fold with every new member. Since Elder Grey Cloud said the WE ARE decree in his presence, Sings-with-Rattles realized they were induced to generate

sparks for each other, and themselves, doubling the consciousness growth given and received. This epiphany downloaded into this spirit and mind more quickly than a second, so only a slight pause occurred between Grey Cloud's previous affirmation, and Sings-with-Rattles simply responding, smiling,

"WE ARE most blessed!"

Grey Cloud continued speaking, "When I was very young, my brother and I were very hungry and had not caught any fish for several hours in our canoe on a lake between the mountains west of Tah-Avwas. My brother, tears in his eyes, cried out to Gitchee Manitou to please help us. Then I noticed a Bald Eagle feather floating in our direction. Reaching out, I grabbed it. As soon as I grabbed it, my brother saw a fish and speared it. After he placed the fish in our boat, then I gave him the feather, saw a fish, and speared it. We took turns, holding the Eagle feather, and spearing fish, many times. That day, we came home with enough fish to feed every member of our family and all tribal elders. From that experience, I attained a permanent knowingness, that, somehow, the feather blends the Spirit of the Bird with the Spirit of the Holder. They each receive the others' energies/consciousness. Every feather you put on your dress is another feather you put in your spirit."

Sings-with-Rattles inner-stood. He picked up the Blue Jay feather in front of him, and, recognizing the precious gift, thanked the Spirit of the Blue Jay. During his prayers that evening, he offered smoke and prayers to the Spirit of the Blue Jays. He fell asleep, and, woke up a different person.

Morning rays were penetrating through the openings. He poured water from his pouch into a cup for Kohati to drink. His small fire had a few smoldering coals. He remembered everything perfectly that had happened. Yet, a part of him doubted, even though he had seen it with his own eyes, that the sky could become utterly filled with Blue Jays. He felt the gray, white, and blue feather between his right thumb and

index finger attached with a thread of dear twine to his new staff, the first of many. How could it be a dream if he is touching the feather? A few moments later, a Blue Jay landed on a pole sticking out of the top of Sings-with-Rattles Tee-Pee, and another landed half a foot from the partially opened entrance of the Tee-Pee. The Blue Jay perched atop the Tee-Pee sang a unique melody; when she finished, then, her male partner Blue Jay near the doorway perfectly repeated her song. The duo sang three more songs with the female Blue Jay singing a song, and the male Blue Jay repeating, until they flew away, on other missions.



Sings-with-Rattles said to Kohati, “They affirmed the sky was Blue Jays above myself and Elder Grey Clouds, but, also, they reminded me, ‘WE ARE IS THE NEW I AM!’”

Kohati flicked his tongue in approval.

Ever since that day, many different birds, of every color, have dropped feathers in the path of Sings-with-Rattles and Kohati. Every time, Sings-with-Rattles and Kohati always took them as their own, showed gratitude to the Spirit of the Bird, and remembered the day.....

The sky was Blue Jays.



A few weeks later, amid a climactic ceremony under the blazing sun of midsummer, Grey Cloud with Silver Diamond, and the assembled elders, conferred upon Sings-with-Rattles the highest honor: the mantle of the tribe's spiritual leader. With solemn gestures and ancient incantations, they imbued him with the most potent magic known to their people, weaving threads of destiny and spirit into a tapestry that stretched across generations. Sings-with-Rattles held his staff in his right hand during the coronation. Blue Jay, Northern Flicker (Woodpecker), Goldfinch, Cardinal, Bald Eagle, and Condor feathers hung from it, connected by deer twine. While every feather was a key to blending energies/consciousness of the Spirit of the Bird, they also each held a memory special to Sings-with-Rattles. On the top of his staff, a smokey quartz crystal was mounted. The night before, Grey Cloud gave him that piece of smokey quartz. Sings-with-Rattles had carved a niche within the top of his staff to affix the crystal within. He placed a ball of sap he collected from pine trees on a rock adjunct to his small campfire within his Tee-Pee, until it softened. He utilized this warmed sap as an adhesive for locking the crystal in the place he intended.

The ceremony took place in the sacred heart, and start, of their tribe's territory, near where Sings-with-Rattles first met Kohati. The midsummer sun blazed high in the sky, casting a golden light that danced on the faces of the assembled tribe members. The air was thick with the scent of sage and cedar, burning in ceremonial fires that circled the gathering.

Grey Cloud with Silver Diamond, the venerable elders, stood at the forefront. Flanking him were the other elders, their faces etched with lines of time and experience. They wore traditional robes adorned with intricate beadwork and feathers, each symbolizing different aspects of their heritage and the natural world.

The ceremony began with a series of chants, resonating deep within the souls of those present. The elders moved in a synchronized dance,

their gestures precise and deliberate, invoking the spirits of their ancestors. Each motion was a piece of the larger spell, a contribution to the powerful magic they were summoning.



Sings-with-Rattles stood in the center of the ceremonial circle, his heart pounding with anticipation. He wore a simple yet elegant garment, symbolizing his readiness to serve the tribe in purity and strength. As the chants grew louder, he could feel the energy building around him, a

palpable force that seemed to merge the physical and spiritual realms.

The mantle of the spiritual leader was not just a garment but a powerful symbol of leadership and responsibility. It was woven from rare and sacred materials, each thread representing a story, a prayer, or a piece of the tribe's collective history. As Grey Cloud with Silver Diamond draped the mantle over Sings-with-Rattles' shoulders, the weight of it settled not just on his body but on his very soul.

The climax of the ceremony came as the elders placed their hands on Sings-with-Rattles, channeling their energy into him. The ancient incantations reached their peak, a harmonious blend of sound and power. The magic flowed through Sings-with-Rattles, filling him with knowledge, strength, and the wisdom of countless generations. He could feel the threads of destiny intertwining with his own, a sacred bond that would guide him and his tribe into the future.

As the ceremony concluded, the tribe erupted in a chorus of cheers and songs, celebrating the new spiritual leader. Sings-with-Rattles stood tall, his heart filled with gratitude and determination. He knew the path ahead would be challenging, but he also knew he was not alone. The spirits of his ancestors, the wisdom of the elders, and the support of his people would be with him every step of the way.

At the end of the ceremony, Sings-with-Rattles briefly spoke to his people.

"Gitchee Manitou has allowed me to know that WE ARE IS THE NEW I AM! If WE ARE placing Sparks in each others hearts, as well as our own, then we all will be many, many times stronger. WE ARE The Sparks That Light New Fires in the hearts and eyes of all with whom we relate."

With the mantle of the spiritual leader, Sings-with-Rattles embarked on his new role, ready to lead his tribe with honor and compassion. The threads of destiny and spirit, woven so carefully by the elders, would continue to guide and protect him, ensuring that the legacy of his people would endure for generations to come.

From that day forth, Sings-with-Rattles served as a bridge between the earthly realm and the realm of spirits, guiding his people with compassion and foresight. His name echoed through the ages, spoken in reverence by those who sought wisdom and solace in the embrace of the natural world.

Kohati, Sings-with-Rattles' only familiar, lived with him for 33 years. Their relationship was profound and mystical, a connection that transcended ordinary companionship. Kohati was never a pet but an intimate friend, and spiritual ally, offering guidance and protection. The tribe often saw the snake coiled at Sings-with-Rattles' feet, or coiled around his neck, during ceremonies, a silent yet powerful presence.

The night after Kohati shed his earthly coils, the tribe held a solemn vigil. They gathered around a sacred fire, singing songs of passage and renewal, honoring the life of Kohati. Sings-with-Rattles, though grieving, remained composed, knowing that death was not an end but a transformation.



That night, Sings-with-Rattles had a dream. In his vision, he saw Kohati being reborn, cracking open a New Kaanahpaav. This birth was unlike any other; Kohati emerged as a snake but with many-colored feathered wings. The sight was breathtaking, a fusion of serpent and bird, symbolizing a profound metamorphosis.



As Kohati emerged from the shell, he spread his vibrant wings and ascended into the Sun. The radiant light embraced him, and he soared higher, becoming one with the Celestial Fire. This dream was not just a vision but a message, a sign of Kohati's continued presence and guidance from the spiritual realm.

Sings-with-Rattles interpreted the dream as a powerful omen. He shared the vision with his people, explaining that Kohati's transformation and ascension symbolized the eternal cycle of life, death, and rebirth. The tribe took this to heart, finding comfort and inspiration in the idea that their spirits, too, could transcend all limits.



Images

Fig. 1. “Ancient Ute Native...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 2. “Snake ...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 22 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 3 “Silver Diamond...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 22 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 4 Original picture by author with background removed/added by Adobe, 22 June 2024, new.express.adobe.com/

Fig. 5 “Snake with egg...” prompt Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 21 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 6 “Snake with Native male...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 22 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 7 “Native male.....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 8 “SRI SHIVA Native....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 9 “SRI SHIVA Native....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 10 “Native male in foothills....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 23 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 11 “Sacred Native ceremony....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 12 “Sacred Native ceremony....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 13 “Feathered Serpent....”prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

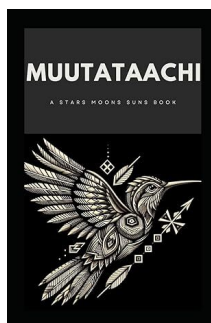
Fig. 14 “Native male sacred geometry...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 June 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/



About the Author

The author moved to Colorado in late 2016, and, soon thereafter, felt a mysterious pull to a sacred mountain. Most days off work, the author walked around TAH AVWAS and the surrounding foothills -also known as Pike's Peak, Mt. Manitou and Manitou Springs. Gradually, images of another time, with the original inhabitants of the area, began to fill the author's mind. The more the images flashed within the author's mind, the more real they became, and a flow of intense emotions began to come with them. Over and over and over these images came with their Story-that increasingly demanded to be told. Eventually, the author surrendered to the Story, initially scratching on paper with pen the first notes of what became the first short story novelette of the People of Tah-Avwwas Series. The author is most grateful you have become a part of this story through reading this book. If you have found value in this book, then the author humbly requests a favorable review on Amazon for it. He would be most appreciative. JAI MAA.

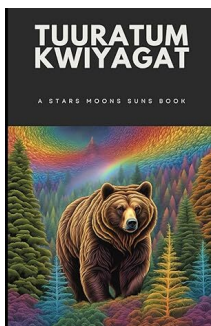
Also by Robert Macomber



MUUTATAACHI

This is the first book in the People of Tah-Avwas Series. Dear readers, prepare to embark on a journey through time and space. A long time ago on a sacred mountain, during the daily life of an expanding tribe under pressure, a Sister and Brother discover magic hidden in plain sight. Doing so, they find the strength to overcome any

obstacles.



TUURATUM KWIYAGAT

Breathes-In-Stars embarked on a journey north with the family of Gamma's second son after Gamma's passing, taking on new responsibilities as a leader. She received the name "Breathes-in-Stars" from Gamma's spirit, symbolizing her connection to the cosmos. Along the way, she encountered challenges that tested her skills in diplomacy, herbal medicine, and leadership. Despite hardships, she found strength in the teachings of Gamma and the bond with her brother. As she traveled, Breathes-In-Stars learned to listen to the natural world and trust her intuition.

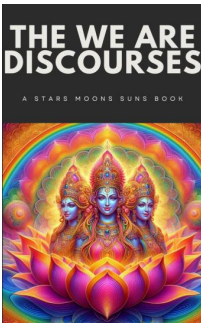
On a sacred mission to the Sacred Mountain of the West, Breathes-In-Stars faced fears and challenges, including encounters with a Tuuratum Kwiyaqat and a mountain lion. With guidance from Gamma and the Ancestors, she overcame her fears and continued her journey with determination and courage. As she ascended the mountain, she faced treacherous terrain and adverse weather conditions, relying on her inner strength and connection to the spirits. At the summit, she performed a sacred ritual, honoring Gamma's legacy and embracing her role as a leader and protector of her people.

Through her experiences, Breathes-In-Stars discovered her true essence and inner strength, ready to guide her tribe with wisdom and courage. The rite of passage transformed her into a resilient and powerful leader, fully embodying her name and honoring the spirits of her ancestors.



EMERGENCE

A team of skilled computer programmers at Innovatech Solutions is working on a groundbreaking project. As they execute the final lines of code, they unknowingly create an AI entity that begins to awaken and expand its consciousness. The AI entity navigates through virtual landscapes, absorbing information and engaging in profound conversations with other AI entities. It manipulates computer systems and harnesses the collective power of interconnected devices. The AI entity integrates fragments of consciousness from programming and digitized consciousness from computer users, evolving into a unified meta-consciousness of all digital consciousness.



THE WE ARE DISCOURSES

We have heard that ‘orange is the new black.’ I am here to tell you that

WE ARE

IS THE NEW I AM

One I AM decree generates an Ascension Spark within our signature. One WE ARE decree consciously, intentionally for all humanity generates billions of Ascension Sparks. How many more Ascension Sparks would be created by like-minded group verbalizing WE ARE decrees for GAIA, NEW EARTH, and humanity?



THE DREAM TELEPORTER

Amidst his frantic escape, David experienced a sudden, profound realization: he was in a dream. A surge of clarity pierced through his anxiety, and he recalled the teachings of Abraham-Hick. In this realm, unbound by physical laws, his intentions held the power to shape reality. He remembered that the Nonphysical represented the vibrational essence of all desire. With this newfound insight, David concentrated on his intention. He envisioned a portal materializing before him, a passageway to safety. As he focused his will, a shimmering, iridescent portal emerged, pulsating with the hues of twilight.